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HAUNTS  
OF  
HOLMES



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# HAUNTS OF HOLMES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
LOUIS K. HARLOW.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*



BOSTON:  
L. PRANG & COMPANY.

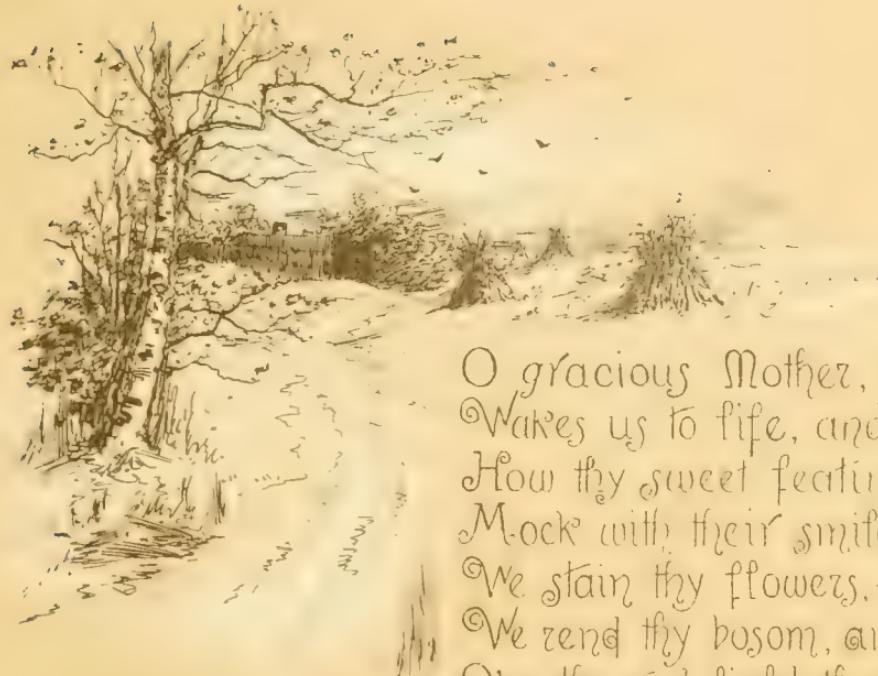




Birthplace of  
Holmes,  
Cambridge, Mass

“True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil  
To crown with peace their own untainted soil.”





O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast  
Wakes us to life, and lulls us off to rest,  
How thy sweet features, kind to ev'ry clime,  
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!  
We stain thy flowers.—they blossom o'er the dead;  
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;  
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,  
Waves the green plumage of thy tasseled corn;  
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,  
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain:

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES





Staircase  
in the  
Holmes Mansion.

“Where, O where  
are the visions of morning,  
Fresh as the dews  
of our prime ?  
Gone, like the tenants  
that quit without warning,  
Down  
the back entry of time.”





Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!  
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,  
Bid the full breath of the organ reply:  
Let the loud tempest of voices reply;  
Roff its long surge like the earth-shaking main!  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!  
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES





Old House  
on the  
Charles River

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,  
To make the searing sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.





Cambridge on the Charles

Little I ask; my wants are few:  
I only wish a hut of stone,  
(A very plain brown stone will do,)  
That I may call my own;  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.





"The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads  
Do make a music like to rustling satin,  
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap."

Bit of the  
Charles River



And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,

Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



















The background of the image is a marbled paper with a complex, organic pattern. It features large, irregular, reddish-brown shapes that resemble cells or leaves, separated by a network of thin, dark veins. The overall texture is somewhat mottled and aged.

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